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WILLY'S RARE AND WILLY'S FAIR.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighteen.

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Vivace

With tunefull Pipe and merry glee young WILLY won my Heart a

blyther ſwain you cou'd na ſee, all beau_ty without Art WILLY'S rare and

WILLY'S fair & WILLY'S wond'rous bon_ny and WILLY ſays he'll marry me gin e'er he'll marry o_ny

WILLY'S rare and WILLY'S fair and WILLY'S wond'rous bon ny & WILLY ſays he'll marry me gin

e'er he'll marry o_ny gin e'er he'll marry o_ny gin e'er he'll marry o_ny and

WILLY ſay's he'll marry me gin e'er he marries o_ny

(2)

O came you by yon water ſide
Pull'd you the roſe or lilly,
Or came you by yon Meadow green
Or ſaw you my ſweet WILLY
WILLY'S rare and WILLY'S fair &c.

(3)

Syne now the Trees are in their bloom
And flow'rs ſpread o'er Ilka field
I'll meet my Lad among the broom
And lead him to my ſummer's ſhield
WILLY'S rare and WILLY'S fair &c.

For the Ger: Flute & Guittar.

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